

Britannicus C4
A
LETTER
TO THE
Right Honourable the EARL of
HARCOURT,
WITH AN
O D E
TO HIS
Royal Highness GEORGE
Prince of WALES.
K Britannicus

See! to our Aid, how chos'n a Band resorts!
See *Harcourt*, form'd for Friendships, and for
Courts;

Stone, learned, good, judicious, and polite,
Instructed by each Grace to act or write:
And *Norwich*, skill'd to lead, persuade, convince,
Looks like a Guardian Angel on his Prince.
These, these attend! to watch his rip'ning Years,
T'affist his Virtues, and allay our Cares.

L O N D O N:
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LETTER

TO THE

REVEREND FATHER

HAR COURT

WITH A

BY D. N.

ROBERT GEORGE

W. W.

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A

LETTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THE sudden and unexpected Alteration of Affairs causes not only your Friends, but even your Enemies (if any there are) to enquire the Cause ; but all find themselves

B

bewild-

bewildered in Reflection, nor are any capable of alledging a Cause, at the Time your Lordship was promoted to the important Charge you lately have been honoured with, not a Man murmured, not Patriot complained; Satisfaction was in every Countenance; Learning and Religion smiled on our Sovereign's Choice; the infant Prince, and his Royal Brother looked on you with placid Countenances; while you, conscious of the great Trust, and the Reliance your Royal Master placed in you, seemed to accept it with a View, not of your own private Interest, or future lucrative Expectations, but with a Resolution to instil in them the early Seeds of Religion and Patriotism: This seemed to be your sole Intention, and the sole Cause why you accepted this weighty Trust: All were sensible you was determined to acquit yourself of a Charge so important to the Satisfaction of every *Briton*: This was the End of all your Wishes, and so your Zeal in discharge of the

Trust

Trust convinces us; while we were so happy as to see you continue in it.

What then can be the Cause of your Lordship's discontinuing it? I ask with the Freedom and Warmth of a Patriot; certainly you did not deceive us? No. Deceit has no Place in *Harcourt's* Breast, Fidelity and Honour sit triumphant there. Could you be deficient in the Execution of your Duty? No! But what am I doing? Am I questioning a Man of your Rank and Experience, as suspecting him? that were inconsistent indeed! The World is convinced as well as myself of your Diligence in *England's* Welfare, and every Breast is sensible how strenuous you are in promoting our Interests. Oh! what Joy did your Countenance display, when the Government of the youthful Princes was committed to you; Joy which proceeded from your Patriot Breast, as you then thought you should be capable of instilling heavenly Virtues in their Minds, you then thought

you might live to see the Seeds of your own Sowing, fill and give a Lustre to the *British* Throne, to hear your Royal Pupil rejoice the August *British* Assembly from the Throne with Speeches of Eloquence and Patriot Warmth ; what Joy did you imagine to yourself, when you thought in future Ages it might be said, This did *Harcourt* do ; that future Ages might view your awful Tomb, and say, to Thee we owe a good and gracious King, the Harvest we now enjoy, is but the Product of the Seeds that you sowed.

The Stroke is struck, and *Harcourt* (not displaced) resigns. Can *Harcourt's* Brain be fickle ? No. *Iustum & Tenacem propositi Virum* ; and *Norwich* joins, and is unanimous : Both are desirous to resign their Trust, Mysterious Secret ! Why, they are weary of it. Who amongst us is there that could say, I disapprove of either ? Not one ! All were joyful in them both ; wished not for an Exchange.

Many

Many there are, my Lord, who pry into the Cause of this Resignation ; and some will say they know it : But let this be your Satisfaction, that not one thinks you blamed : All acquit their noble *Harcourt*, and look on all but this Event with the same Eye of Satisfaction they first beheld him.

Think not, my Lord, that I write prejudiced, even to yourself : No. Nor am I a Dupe to any Party ; but a Pryer into all, though a Professor of none. I am a Fawner on no Minister, nor to be tempted by any Bribe : Lucre cannot make me debase the *Briton*, or depart from Truth. I look, and I condole. I observe, and I retain in my Memory. I can distinguish exalted Worth, and betray Treachery. I call to Memory past Times ; compare them to the present ; and find a Difference to be lamented. At the Time of your coming to your lately resigned

signed Honours, I called to mind Governors and Preceptors to Infant Princes in former Ages, and other Countries, even amongst the *Romans* : I travelled in History, and comparing all who have had that Honour before you, found none more fit for it than yourself.

Can you, my Lord, look at your Royal Pupils, whose Tempers were all Compliance ; who had just begun to imbibe a real Regard for you, as they were sensible of your Merit, without a Patriot Sigh ! whatever was the Dislike on either Side, it is to be wished this Change may not be a Check on their Studies ; that after they have been under the Direction and Methods of one Tutor, a new Plan may not take Place, and render their Royal Infant Minds less emulous.

How must the Eyes of every *Briton* be fixed on these Royal Youths ? And how observant is every Body on the Governors,

vernors, Preceptors, and Tutors? You need not be informed, who know by Experience ; you, my Lord, are sensible, 'tis not like a Post which is enjoy'd only for its Profit, or which can be enjoy'd by one as well as another : You are sensible, my Lord, from Experience, that the Task is not so easy to discharge, much being required. Example is prevalent ; and therefore, that Man's Actions should be such as he and every Body besides, would be glad to see these Royal Pupils imitate ; Not a false Step made, nor a Vice pursued. Religion is to be the Basis of their Actions ; and a steady Zeal for their Country, their Principles : The Guardians of Princes should lay before them Books of Religion and Morality, and initiate in their Principles Honour and Generosity, Truth, Clemency, and Affection for the People.

These, my Lord, were your Maxims,
every one knows, and to make a glorious
Monarch

Monarch of our Heir Apparent was the Height of your Ambition ; and in Abilities not deficient, but most able. While I speak my Sentiments of your Lordship, I mean not to add to your Merit by taking from anothers. I look upon the present Governor as a Man of the noblest Principles, as undoubtedly he is : May he look on his Royal Pupils with an Eye of Emulation, as you did ; I mean, as ambitious of being praised by future Ages, as you were.

He has, I am sensible, (but you still more so) Princes of the most amiable Dispositions to deal with ; Princes who will gladly imitate their great Fore-Fathers Actions, and take a Pleasure in thinking that they are born in a Land where Liberty dares hold up its Head. and in a Land where many have died Martyrs to Religion : May he renew in their Memories these laudable Exemplaries ; and, at the same Time, tell them,
that

that every *Briton* will be ready to empty their Veins in their Cause, and think even Death desirable in support of the present illustrious Race that presides over us, whose Service is Freedom and Liberty.

How long could I indulge these Reflections ; but it is necessary to curb my Pen, and bring this Epistle to a Conclusion, lest it should take up too much of your Lordship's Time. Should it fall into the Hands of the present Governor and Preceptor, To them let me add, that *England* rejoices in them, and looks on them with Confidence, and a Smile, while they are instructing its Defender and Protector. Oh ! what Joy must they have in seeing their young Minds, already bent to Religion and Humanity, the Source of all Sovereignty. Religion is the Fountain of every Royal Virtue. With this, and this alone, they may be great. But what a Monarch must the

C

Prince

Prince make, whom they shall teach to tread the Path of his Great and Royal Grandfire. Oh! may he but imitate him, and copy his great Actions! How happy will *England* be! What a Pattern of Goodness and Sovereignty is here! Here in him we see a Monarch revered as a King, and loved as a Man! How many Virtues combine in his Breast to make the Man; and how much Dignity of Soul to make the King! Candour and Generosity, Humanity, Clemency, and Ease, all combine in him. We adore him as a King, honour him as a Parent, and love him as a Man. Distant Ages, Ages and Annals to come, shall look back at his Reign, and give a Plaudit to our happy Times. Can we then disapprove, when he has chosen? Or murmur at his Pleasure? No. It is he has assigned the Governors of our Prince, and his Wisdom can't err in it; How then shall we look on the Earl of *Waldegrave*, and the Bishop of *Peterborough*

borough, but with Pleasure and Satisfaction, whose great Abilities have so far recommended them, as to be trusted with that important Charge !

Give me Leave to introduce some Thoughts, the Flow from a private Pen, and worthy a Prince's Inspection, at the End of this Epistle, which I shall conclude with a few Reflections such as occurred, when, with Pleasure, I beheld our Royal Prince gladden an August Assembly of *British* Nobles in the following Lines, and pointing to himself in his Prologue to *Cato*.

“ The Poet's Labours elevate the Mind,

“ Teach our Young Hearts, with generous Fire to burn,

“ And feel the virtuous Sentiments we learn.

T'attain

“ T’ attain these glorious Ends, what
Play so fit,

“ As that ! where all the Pow’rs of hu-
man Wit

“ Combine to dignify great *Cato*’s Name,

“ To deck his Tomb, and consecrate his
Fame ?

“ Where Liberty — O Name forever
dear !

“ Breathes forth in ev’ry Line, and bids
us fear,

“ Nor Pains, nor Death, to guard our
sacred Laws ;

“ But bravely perish in our Country’s
Cause.

Oh, with what Majesty and Ease, what
Warmth and Spirit did he utter these
Lines ! with such a Spirit as would be-
come even a *Roman Senator* ; seemed to
enjoy, and lay an uncommon Emphasis
on the Word LIBERTY ; as if he could
with Pleasure die in support of it. And
again, speaking of himself.

“ What,

“ What, tho’ a Boy ! it may with Pride
be said,

“ A Boy in *England* born, in *England*
bred ;

“ Where FREEDOM well becomes the
earliest State ;

“ For there, the Love of LIBERTY’S
innate.”

Superb Expressions ! Noble Sentiments !
Oh, may, my Lord, his Guardians che-
rish in his Mind these his Sentiments,
root them in his inmost Soul, that *Eng-
land* may be benefited by them.

Let us not forget his Princely Brother,
when he says :

“ In *England* born, my Inclination,
Like yours is wedded to the Nation :
And future Times I hope will see
The General, in reality.

— Indeed

— Indeed I wish to serve this Land,
 It is my Father's strict Command ;
 And none he ever gave, will be
 More chearfully obey'd by me.

Oh may great *Waldegrave* fire their
 Minds with these Reflections ; may he,
 assisted by *Peterborough's* skilful Aid, sow
 in their tender Breast the Seeds of Liberty,
 that their Lives may ripen into Glory, that
 you and I, my Lord, may view them
 the Joy of *England*, and the Terror of
 her Foes : Religion then shall remain to
 Posterity pure and spotless. Liberty be
 ours, and the *Brunswick* Line ever be an
 Ornament to *England's* Sovereignty. Sla-
 very never can threaten, nor popish Su-
 perstition fetter us. May *Waldegrave*
 and *Peterborough* compleat the noble
 Work you and *Norwich* had begun,
 then shall their Names with yours by
 future Ages and in Centuries to come be
 look'd on with Pleasure and Admiration
 by the Sons of Liberty, when they reflect
 on the Race of Kings illustrious and no-
 ble

ble, such as their pious Care shall bless
this happy Realm with, and the latest
Branch of which will retain the Senti-
ments instilled in this their great Fore-
father. Who am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

bumble Servant,

BRITANNICUS.

ble, such as their pious Care shall bless
this happy Realm with, and the last
Branch of which will retain the Seed-
ments implanted in this their great Pro-
phet. Who am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

James Oglethorpe

BRITANNICUS

(21)

A N

O D E

TO HIS

Royal Highness *G E O R G E*,
Prince of *W A L E S*.

WELL I know of whom I'll sing!
Of *George* that is, and *George*
that will be King :

Augustly may my Numbers flow,
And like their Worth immensely grow.

D

Hail

Hail mighty *George*,
May equal Glories now proceed from
thee,
With those deriv'd from thy great Pro-
geny.

The God of War attends thy Feet,
Justice and Peace together meet,
And in this Royal Son are all our Joys
compleat.

Good Will and Joy my Heart doth seize,
A Joy as great, as loyal is my Heart,
Like to the Raptures that proceed from
Peace,
Or those that Health and Plenty do im-
part,

Anger and Hate away do flee,
And an entire Love does rule each Fa-
culty,

No Difference can I find,
In my exalted Mind,
No Grief or Hate,
Opinions can create,
Or influence my new my blest Estate.

Hail

Hail gentle Boy,
 Who to our Hearts doth Joy and Com-
 fort bring,
 The airy Choir express their Joy,
 And with their warbling Notes thy Praises
 sing,

Hereafter let thy Manhood be
 Gentle and meek, as is thy Infancy :
 Let Love unmixt with but a little Dread,
 Attend thy sacred Head.
 Propose for Patterns these two mighty
 Names,
 Let GEORGE and FREDERICK be thy
 Frames.

Hail gentle Boy,
 The People's Darling, and the Mother's
 Joy,
 Live long thou royal Youth, and may'st
 thou be
 As worthy her as she is worthy thee ;
 May *Thames* and *Tyber* join their Nymphs
 to sing,
 Our Faith's Defender and our King.
 May

May all thy Life be Glory, Peace and
Rest,
With all true Glories be thou blest,
And those of which thy royal Father was
possest.
May all that's worthy thee thy own be-
come,

Thou Joy of *England*, and thou
Dread of *Rome*,

F I N I S

